

Hiccup's Last Flight

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Hiccup's Last Flight

So, yes, warning this will be sad.

You will be reading about the last moments of Hiccup's life with Toothless.

Enjoy.

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><p>Astrid smoothed her thumb over the wrinkles of Hiccup's hand, holding her own small, wrinkled hand to her chest. Astrid couldn't help the short yet violent sob that tore through her chest as Hiccup smiled up at her from his bed.<p>

"I'm not that dead," he tried to joke. Astrid would have punched him on the arm as if they were teenagers again if she wasn't so worried she'd break a fragile bone.

"Where's Toothless?"

It was the one question he asked each day and one he could always get a full answer on. Toothless' whining and scratching from outside the Gothi's house alerted them all to Toothless' presence. The door opened and Gothi Ruffnut came in while Toothless, who was much bigger compared to his younger years, had to squeeze his way through the door.

"I've already fed the giant cat, don't worry," Ruffnut said, sweeping a greyed braid over her shoulder. She set down the tray she'd been carrying and set out to mix together a consistency that Hiccup was forced to swallow every day.

"Can't we skip it today?" Hiccup asked as Astrid helped him to sit up in the bed. Ruffnut sent him a stern glare and tsked.

"No one's skipping anything today, you'll take your medicine and you'll take it like a Viking," she huffed. Hiccup rolled his eyes and Astrid grimly smiled.

Ruffnut shoved a wooden bowl into Hiccup's hands and tapped it thrice, stating; "drink."

Hiccup held his breath as he drank in the liquid, the spices burning his throat and tickling his tongue as he glugged it down. He pulled a face as he handed the bowl back to Ruffnut and Astrid handed him a mug of water, which he quickly drained.

"Has he eaten at all?" Ruffnut asked, cleaning up the table. Astrid's gaze grew stormy as she took the mug out of her husband's hands and clasped them in her own.

"Nay he has not, barely eaten half a plate in a week," Astrid spoke. Toothless whined from his spot and his tail thumped the wooden floors as he nudged Hiccup's face with his own.

"Hey Buddy," Hiccup greeted before turning back to the two woman. "I'm just not that hungry, honestly I've survived without eating for much longer."

"You were younger than," Ruffnut gruffed, waving a gnarled finger at him. "And a twig. You're an old Viking and old Viking's need a belly full of food."

"She's right Hiccup, you need to eat," Astrid said worriedly.

"Oh, I'll be right," Hiccup said as cheerfully as he could. "I'll be right as rain by the end of the day, trust me. All I need is a good flight round the Island with Toothless, check up on things. I'm feeling eighty percent already just thinking about it."

"You are not flying on that dragon until you eat a full plate of food," Ruffnut stated crossly. Both Toothless and Hiccup grumbled. The pair hadn't been on a flight in almost a month and it was taking its toll on the both of them.

"At least half a plate then," Astrid persuaded Ruffnut, for her husband's sake. Ruffnut sighed and picked up the tray, glaring at the couple.

"Fine, but I'll be checking!" Ruffnut said as she left. Hiccup grinned for the first time in weeks and Astrid felt her heart warm at the sight. Toothless panted happily, giving her a slobbery kiss before darting back to Hiccup and watching him with a careful eye.

Stoick entered the Gothi's house not a moment later with another tray, this time laden with food.

"Gothi Ruffnut sent me here," he said, pushing a thin braid behind his ear. "Told me to make sure Dad ate at least half of it before she rambled on about giant cat dragons or something."

Astrid smiled and stood up on her toes to kiss her son on his forehead. Stoick smiled before taking the tray over to Hiccup, setting it on his lap.

"Rammie's worried," Stoick greeted his father. Hiccup winced at the sound of his daughter, who was in the midst of her teens still. She was a late surprise in life, but a welcomed one.

"There's no need for Rammie to be worried, I'm fine," Hiccup spoke, taking small bites of the yak steak in front of him.

"Dad, she has reason to worry. We all do," Stoick said firmly, "You're not well and you don't seem to be getting any better either."

"I feel much better thank you," Hiccup stated. The door opened once more and Valhallarama took in the sight of her Father lying on the bed and her brother, mother and favourite uncle (who was also a dragon) before bursting into tears.

"No, Rammie don't cry," Hiccup pleaded. "I'm fine, see? I'm even eating."

"I know Dad," she sobbed, kneeling beside his bed and laying her head on his lap. "I just want you to see me graduate from Dragon Academy at least."

"Of course I will," Hiccup soothed. "I have to be there anyway, I'm chief."

"Dad," Rammie groaned, sitting up and sticking her tongue out.

"Leave your father alone, he has to eat," Astrid scolded. Rammie instantly quietened, her tears now dried as she stood up to stand beside her brother. Stoick kept an arm tight around his sister's shoulders and the Haddock family watched on as Hiccup forced himself to eat all for the sake of flying on his dragon.

"There see, half," Hiccup announced as he swallowed his last mouthful of steak. "From this angle it looks like more than half and that definitely deserves a flight with my best friend, what do you say Bud?"

Toothless thumped his tail happily and tilted his head sideways so he could lick up and chomp on the rest of the steak. Hiccup craned his head over his best friend's to smile at his wife who didn't have the heart to say no, considering he'd barely made a quarter of that steak.

"Oh alright," she relented. "But remember if we see Ruffnut, he ate half the steak."

Stoick and Rammie nodded, leaving the hut to get the prosthetic tail for Toothless. Hiccup created another version of Toothless' tail fin, one he'd made years ago but had gotten destroyed. Hiccup knew that one day soon, Toothless would need to fly on his own and now with Hiccup's own prosthetic taken off due to the bed rest and decay, Toothless stand-alone tail fin was the perfect addition.

As Stoick and Rammie were putting on Toothless' tail, Hiccup reached out to his friend, much like he did all those years ago in the cove.

"How about one last ride buddy," he whispered. Toothless ear fins were drooped, as if he recognised his best friend's words and his wide eyes were innocent and questioning as he nudged his nose against Hiccup's frail hand.

Astrid and Rammie led Toothless out of the hut as Stoick helped his father, Hiccup's left leg never touching the ground. Ruffnut stood outside, watching on as they helped Hiccup up into his saddle with great effort.

"Just a quick flight around Berk and that's all," Astrid warned, shaking a finger at them. "I know how you two get up in the skies and we don't need you doing flips and tricks in the air when you're in this condition."

Hiccup leant down and took Astrid's hand; his own shaking as he brought hers up to his lips as he kissed it softly.

"You worry too much my dear," he smiled. "But I promise, no tricks or flips."

She mouthed 'thank you' to him, not trusting herself to speak as her eyes welled up with tears.

"I want you back here in an hour tops," Ruffnut warned. "Or I'm rounding up Tuffnut and the zippleback."

"Okay, okay," Hiccup said, frowning down them all. "An hour tops, around Berk once. Anything else you want to take from me?"

"Just be safe," Astrid croaked. Hiccup smiled at them then, rubbing Toothless' neck to calm the large dragon from taking off too suddenly.

"I will," Hiccup said. "I'll be back before you know it."

Hiccup tightened the hook on the saddle â€" he didn't need to be falling off mid-flight â€" and leant down, feeling as if he was once again young and free as he whispered; "Let's go Bud."

Toothless bounded across the grass before leaping up into the air, beating his large wings as they pushed upwards in altitude. Grey hair flicked across Hiccup's peripheral vision and he laughed, the wind chilling his bones and the height adding to the euphoric feeling of _finally being free_.

"This is what it is to be a dragon," he echoed, the words his mother had said to him all those years ago when he found her.

Toothless roared in reply before flicking his tail fin, turning them around to start their flight around Berk. Hiccup blinked away the frost that started to cling to his eyelashes as he looked down at the village he had been Chief of since he was a young man.

"We've grown so much, bud," Hiccup said softly. Toothless sent a

worried eye over his shoulder to his rider, grumbling softly as Hiccup smiled. Toothless knew what would definitely make his best friend better, taking them further up to fly beneath the clouds that clung in wisps just above.

Hiccup reached up an arm and his fingers skimmed through the wet cloud cover, remembering how entranced Astrid had been when he took her on her first flight. Hiccup laughed as he remembered how angered she had been with him, taking him down with only a twist of the wrist and a blow in the stomach with the blunt end of her axe.

And now here they were, many, many years later carrying a strong friendship with dragons and working together, _living _together.

Suddenly Hiccup was jerked forward, his lungs burning as he coughed violently into his arm. He shuddered weakly as he pulled it back and saw the spattering of blood that covered his sleeve.

Toothless crooned and slowed down, beating his wings so they stayed in the same spot. He eyed his friend with curiosity and worry, knowing that something was wrong with Hiccup.

Hiccup sighed and leant forward so he was draped across Toothless' head.

"I'm alright buddy," he said, "We've still got this hour to spend, come on."

Toothless was torn between taking his friend on his well-deserved and long delayed flight and taking him back down to the blonde woman and their younglings. Hiccup decided for him, digging his heel into Toothless side to tell him to keep going. Toothless swooped low, so that they just flew across the tops of the trees of Berk and made sure to not go as fast as they used to.

Soon the sun began to set and Hiccup raised his head to smile as they came back around the island and set their sights on the village.

"This is Berk," he whispered. "It snows nine months of the year, and hails the other three. My wife, my children are the strongest of beings to be raised and to live on this island. The best things would have to include the friends, the sunsets and the winged companions. While many are stranded to the ground most of their lives, we fly high and we fly strong. Because we have our dragons."

Toothless grumbled in agreement to Hiccup's statement, shaking his head lazily as they were sprayed with sea water as a scaldron broke the surface of the sea before diving back down.

It was with the view of Berk, bathed in the light of the setting sun that Hiccup leant down on Toothless' head and smiled, taking his last breath of the fresh, open air.

When Toothless landed back on Berk, Astrid knew something was wrong. He trod carefully through the streets of the village, his ear fins drooped sadly and wide eyes searching, crooning loudly. Many of the dragons who heard and saw Toothless came to line the streets, sitting along the sides or up on perches and even rooves of houses, bowing

their heads in mourning.

Astrid stopped in the middle of the street, the basket filled with loaves of fresh bread still clutched in her arms as Toothless nudged slowly over to her, eyes sad and voice mournful. She could just make out Hiccup's figure, slumped forward in the saddle.

"Hiccup?" she questioned fearfully, stepping forward. Hiccup did not make to move from his position, his pale, withered hand dropping from his side the only answer to her question. His sleeve was covered in blood and as she took another step forward, she could see his blue lips spattered with blood. The basket dropped from her hands and as Astrid gave a heart-wrenching cry of pain, grief and horror Berk knew, its chief had passed.

End
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